

OUR DUMB Animals



"SLIPPER TIME GAL" — AND HELPER

—Photo, Gordon N. Converse
The Christian Science Monitor



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clude any subject, except cruel sports or
captivity, dealing with animals, especially
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and current event items are particularly
needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts
dealing with oddities of animal life and
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panied by good illustrations whenever pos-
sible. Fiction is seldom used.

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ing either domestic or wild animals in their
natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a
story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We
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The Methodist Church and Animals

A FEW MONTHS ago, on this page, we carried a story entitled, "The Catholic Church and Animals." We have just received from our good friend, Mrs. Bolling Barton, of Pikesville, Maryland, a statement of the Methodist Conference in England, on the treatment of animals, and we print it in order that our readers may become acquainted with the attitude of churchmen as it relates to the animal problem:

"The Conference welcomes the desire expressed in many quarters for the more humane treatment of animals, and acknowledges the important part played by voluntary societies in influencing public opinion, and in securing appropriate legislation. Christians owe their interest and inspiration to the Bible where the appeal for compassion and pity finds moving expression. God created the world in love, and His tender mercies are over all His works. Jesus assures us that Our Heavenly Father cares for the birds of the air, and that without Him not a sparrow falls to the ground. He has, in His wisdom, placed animals under man's dominion, and he must so treat them as one who will have to give an account of his office to God. This means that not only are harsh treatment and avoidable suffering to be condemned, but that animals are to be treated with the care and attention necessary to their well-being.

"The difficulty of estimating the degree to which animals suffer, and the difficulty of dealing with animal pests, must, however, be recognized. That means of control should be as effective and painless as possible will be generally conceded. Whether there is an alternative to the gin trap, whether means other than hunting can control the deer and fox population, involve technical issues. As it is, the Conference is gravely concerned about the cruelty of these methods, and urges the need for more research to deal expeditiously and humanely with the problem of pests.

"What lies open to objection is the participation in these activities as sports. The term 'sport' is taken to cover any physical activity in which pleasure is a primary motive. If the reduction of pests is a primary motive, it cannot be regarded as a sport. To seek enjoyment through the suffering of others, whether man or animal, cannot be justified. The effects on the participants and onlookers should not be ignored in any ethical consideration of blood sports. The judgment of the Conference is, therefore,

1. All sports which inevitably cause suffering to animals are to be condemned.
2. All sports which are harmful to the characters of the participants, and degrading to the onlookers, are to be condemned.

"The Conference further suggests certain aspects of the treatment of animals which call for special concern.

"Where birds or beasts are caught in order to be kept by man it is essential that the methods of capture be humane, and their treatment be free from unnecessary suffering. This applies not only to the keeping of domestic pets, but is of particular importance in the case of circus animals. The training of such animals, and their housing, arouses great uneasiness, and calls for measures of reform. Concern is also felt about the transport of animals and their treatment in markets. The practice of continuing to use worn-out horses whether in this country or after shipment to the continent, is cruel and indefensible.

"The Conference does not express an opinion on the general issue of vivisection, but it asserts that such experiments should be conducted only when no other course is open, and that in all such cases the least possible suffering should be inflicted on the animals concerned.

"The Conference would finally express the judgment that in the whole approach to the treatment of animals, the overriding consideration is, not only what we must refrain from doing, but what we can do positively to secure the well-being of those who, with ourselves, inhabit the earth, and fulfill the creative joy and purpose of Almighty God."

E. H. H.

Snow Made Us Friends

By C. Vernon Mobberly

OSCAR" is an extremely big cat, all of seven pounds in weight, a beautiful thing in his thick, grey plush coat with stripes of jet black across his back. He came to our farm in the heat of summer.

Oscar was a queer one. He strolled up from the creek road that day, apparently took a liking to our place and made the barn across from our house his home. He was hostile, almost wild, and we couldn't get within twenty feet of him. Then came winter with snow and zero weather.

The world outside was white; drifts of snow lay everywhere and winds howled. One day I looked out my window and saw Oscar walking a long stretch of white fence above the mountainous snow drifts.

By the time I stepped outside he had disappeared. After a long search I found him huddled under the porch, shivering and almost starved. He shied away from my glove which held a tempting chunk of bread; Oscar wanted it but he didn't trust the hand that held it.

The eyes that peered out from under the porch were wild, but somehow there was also a kind of warmth. My first attempt to put my hands on Oscar was fruitless. He fought like a tiger in a

tight squeeze, throwing out his giant paws, grabbing, his mouth open wide in alertness.

I quickly changed my tactics. I tossed him a small piece of the bread which he swallowed without tasting. Another, another, and another I threw until I could put my glove on him without a struggle. Still shivering with fright and cold when I picked him up, he soon calmed down a bit. Evidently the warmth of my heavy coat felt good.

It was the worst snowstorm my section of Ohio had ever seen. In the days that followed, Oscar's only source of food was our kitchen. Eventually he came to rely upon my hand. All fear was lost and Oscar turned from a wild, untrustful creature into a contented, playful pet.

Why was Oscar so defiant and shy? Probably from early birth he had had to rely upon his own paws, teeth, slyness, and swiftness for food and for escape from enemies. Also, he had never actually known the human race. Since Oscar's enemies were everywhere, he undoubtedly took me for an enemy, too.

I am almost inclined to believe that any creature anywhere, born and reared in the wilds, can be tamed and domesticated. It only took a snowstorm, with drifts ten feet deep, and a chunk of bread to domesticate Oscar.



"I saw Oscar walking a long stretch of white fence."

A.M.A.H. Needs Help

IT is perhaps surprising — all of the small and large equipment needed to carry out the work of easing the pain—yes, even of saving the very lives of the stricken animals in our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

We cite a few of these needs with the hope that friends of our Society will find it in their hearts to help us to help them.

●
SPONGES—A small item, but infinitely necessary in performing successful surgery. They cost \$32.00 for a case of 800 sponges and their use is never ending.

●
RUBBER GLOVES—Here is another piece of equipment imperative in the sterile techniques practiced throughout our Hospital. They are expendable and many pairs are used throughout the year. One box of rubber gloves, containing 12 pairs costs us \$4.80.

●
SCALES—Accurate weighing is an absolute necessity in speeding an animal's recovery following surgery. We urgently need such apparatus at the present time at a cost of \$350.

●
OPHTHALMOSCOPE—So many animals are coming to us with eye injuries and diseases that the purchase of an ophthalmoscope for the detailed examination of the eye is essential. This equipment costs \$40 and there is a real need for one in alleviating suffering.

●
ADHESIVE TAPE—As one might imagine, literally miles of adhesive tape are used in the Hospital. This is an item that is in ever-present demand and sells for \$3 a box, containing 12 rolls, 1 inch wide.

●
HYPODERMIC SYRINGES—Here is still another expendable item used many times every day in treating patients and in alleviating pain. These syringes are \$3 and an almost unlimited quantity is needed.

●
Contributions to defray these many expenses will be gratefully received. Please address your gifts to the Treasurer, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

To the Rescue

By Freeman H. Hubbard

MANY animals have been saved from slow death, cold or starvation by humane railroaders. One day a Nickel Plate freight train was rumbling past the Wineland farm, near Rawson, Ohio, while the family was away on a visit to Toledo. A horse named "Taffy," Isabelle Rose Wineland's pet, had tried to jump the right-of-way fence, but had caught a hind leg in the wire. The train crew saw the suffering animal, notified a section boss, and trackmen released Taffy. Later, ten-year-old Isabelle came home, doctored the sore leg, and wrote the railroad a letter of thanks, saying, "Taffy would have died if it hadn't been for your kind men."

Also in Ohio, a Pennsylvania Railroad freight train was seven minutes late one New Year's Day pulling into Cambridge, but instead of being rebuked, the crew were commended. On three successive days they had noticed a beagle, apparently dead, lying in snow beside the track; but on the fourth, January 1st, a sharp-eyed fireman saw the dog's head move slightly. The train stopped. Five crew men waded through snow, took the beagle aboard their engine and restored him to good health.

A similar case occurred near Villa Ridge, Illinois. A hound snared in the same kind of fence was seen by an Illinois Central freight train crew, who dropped off a note to a section gang. The trackmen evidently didn't get the note, for the hound was still caught when the train passed by next day. This time the crew halted and rescued the hound.

Charles E. Wilson was seated at the throttle of the fastest passenger train on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois when he observed near Beecher, Illinois, a red chow writhing in pain, one foot in a steel trap chained to a telegraph pole. That was too much for Mr. Wilson. He notified a station agent and the dog was freed.

One winter day, Milwaukee Road crew men on a logging work train saw a



Isabelle Rose Wineland and her horse, "Taffy."

small puppy struggling vainly in the ice-fringed Clark Fork River, near Missoula, Montana. The ice kept him from getting a foothold. Engineer Lynn C. Markham stopped his train, crawled on his stomach out onto the thin ice and pulled the puppy ashore. The crew made the little creature a warm bed in the caboose.

A Southern Pacific train was pulling out of Oregon City, Oregon, when Engineer Harry McLaughlin spied an unusual movement in the trackside grass; a kitten whose head was stuck in a fruit jar. "Mac" didn't feel justified in delaying his trainload of passengers but kept thinking of the kitten for the remaining 15 miles to Portland. Then he made a telephone call which led to the pussy being freed from his glass prison.

At Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a black and white cat was rescued by Herbert Barrett, a Boston & Maine

machinist. She had been placed in a gunnysack and tied to the rear of a freight engine tender. Mr. Barrett saw the bag when the train came to Portsmouth. Enginehouse men adopted the kitty and named her Mary Doderro, for the city's lady mayor.

And in Quebec province, Canada, an electric car motorman saw two dogs, a large mongrel and a small spaniel, following a boy across the 1000-foot bridge of the Montreal & Southern Counties Railway that spanned the Richelieu River between Chambly Canton and Richelieu. The lad had ordered the dogs to go back home, hadn't known they were still following him. The motorman honked his horn. It had no effect. Then he stopped, opened the car door, and the big mutt leaped in. The spaniel stood outside, trembling. The motorman lifted the little dog and delivered both creatures to their master.



—Photo, Dr. A. N. Drury

William displays that "boarding-house reach."

"William" Works Nights

By Ruth Canavan

MY sister Nell has a stub-tailed cat called "William." He is white with markings of dark gray that make him look as though he were wearing a blanket and little cap. He has long hind legs like a rabbit and a passion for peanuts like a squirrel.

He will take a peanut out of the bag with his paw, crack the shell with his teeth, and eat the nut meat with every evidence of enjoyment. Nell tries to dole out the peanuts her husband, Jim, brings home from the ball games for William, so as to make them last; but William is forever in search of the bags, leaping up on the table-top or shelf whenever he suspects he will find them there. This frequently results in disaster to the bric-a-brac.

One day William's quest for peanuts got Nell out of a very unpleasant situation. She was alone in the apartment when there came a knock at the door. She opened it and found standing outside a rough-looking fellow in his shirt-sleeves. He carried an old leather bag from which he took a round tin box like the containers for shoe polish.

"Buy some polish," he said.

Nell shook her head, and was going to close the door, but found he had his foot in the opening. He pulled a dirty old cloth from his pocket.

"Fine furniture polish," he said. "You let me in. I show you."

"No," Nell said. "I don't want any polish."

The man scowled. "Have to sell some polish," he said. "You let me in!" Nell was frightened. She pushed against the door. So did he.

Just then there came a crash from the front room. Nell remembered a bag of peanuts she had left on the mantle-piece. "William!" she cried. "What have you done?"

The man seemed to shrink in size. He withdrew his foot from the door. "That your husband?" he asked with a sideways motion of his head. "Most husbands work daytimes." He slipped box and cloth into the bag and started down the stairs.

My sister is not without a sense of humor. "William works nights," she said, and shut and bolted the door.

Needless to say, William got his peanuts.

Proverbial Animals

By Laura Alice Boyd

THERE are many common proverbs, based on the outstanding characteristics of different animals, which are well known and whose meaning is plain. "Sly as a fox" calls attention to the best known idea about a fox; "He has horse sense" emphasizes the fact that a horse can often find its way when a man is lost and confused; "A wild goose chase" means to go on a fruitless errand, just as to catch wild geese is a difficult and unrewarding task.

"Blind as a bat" is a common expression, but it does not express a truth, unless you mean to say that a person can see very well. Officials at the Smithsonian Institute say that bats are not blind at all. They can not only fly well at night but they are not dazzled by the light of day. They are nocturnal in habit because most of the insects and rodents

that compose their food go abroad after dark. Just how bats fly in the dark is not too well proven but scientists believe they "hear" their way.

There is a story about the expression, "That's a horse of another color." When George IV was king of England one of the Admirals of the British Fleet expressed admiration for a cream-colored horse which belonged to the king. When the king heard this he at once sent Nagle a black horse which had been colored to look like the king's own mount. Needless to say the Admiral was much pleased but the first time he rode his new horse in the rain its true color came to view and everyone who saw it said, "It's a horse of another color." The King had had his joke and soon the Admiral received a cream-colored horse of great value.

THE bantam chicks were scarcely dry when "Mr. Blue," without so much as a "May I borrow your children, Madam?" carried them off to the shade of his favorite walnut tree. Naturally, "Romeo" and "Juliet," the parents, were frantic, and did their best to coax the babies back to the woodpile where they had been hatched, but Mr. Blue blocked them at every turn.

At first, the chicks, which were no larger than my thumb, were frightened when Mr. Blue conveyed them here and there in his big, black mouth, but as they grew older, they came to like his attentions. Besides, his long ears made excellent pup tents, wherein they could find warmth and at the same time peer out at the world about them.

Three or four times a day I'd restore the chicks to their harried parents, but unless I stood on guard, Mr. Blue was back on the job chick-sitting, with the babies cheeping contentedly.

I won't say that Mr. Blue is fickle, but when "Miss Cellany" gave birth to her summer batch of kittens, the chicks had to play second fiddle. It was rather pathetic, watching them stand around like older children waiting for a little attention, while Mr. Blue scrubbed his newer charges.

Missy, unlike Romeo and Juliet, accepted Mr. Blue's services philosophically. Let him rear her family if he liked, she seemed to say; goodness knows kittens were no novelty to her.

And then one day, Mr. Blue deserted the nursery for newer interests which centered in the pig pen. During the night, "Susie" had given birth to nine chubby Berkshires with inch-long lashes and the pertest of turned up noses.

With the prospect of having a really large family to fuss over, Mr. Blue went into a tailspin of ecstasy, leaping the pen and trying to lure the piglets to his spot under the walnut tree. But Susie, unlike Missy and the bantams, would have none of his "share the family" plan, and with bared tusks, chased Mr. Blue out of her domain at double quick time.

Nonplussed only for a moment, Mr. Blue tried another approach. Lying perfectly still just outside the pen he waited, and presently, the curious little pigs ventured out to investigate him. After that, they were in his power; he had only to nudge them on the side and over they'd go and lie as though hypnotized as long as he'd prod them with his nose. There were times when he'd have as many as three little porkers stretched on the ground like sausages in a pack.

Although Susie violently disapproved of the familiarity with which Mr. Blue treated her offspring, there wasn't much she could do about it. She was on the inside, they on the outside of the pen, and regardless of her scoldings, they seemed to find Mr. Blue a very charming fellow.

Thereafter, history repeated itself. Just as Susie had followed Mr. Blue all over the place in her infancy, her piglets did likewise. Furthermore, when the dog lay down to sleep, the piglets crowded close beside him. Then the kittens and the bantams would join them, with Romeo and Juliet only a breath away.

"What a character!" Uncle Oliver often chuckled as he watched Mr. Blue gather his family of assorted creatures about him. "Worse than Old Mother Hubbard!"

And like Old Mother Hubbard, there came a time when Mr. Blue didn't know what to do. The chicks sprouted feathers, the kittens became cats and the pigs were of a size twice that of their foster parent.

No longer could Mr. Blue go off by himself to enjoy a

"Mr. Blue's" Pets

by Ina Louez Morris



Mr. Blue looks ruefully away as his adopted piglets consume his dinner.

luscious bone; if the cats didn't take it away from him, the pigs did. Then there was the matter of catching forty winks. The moment he'd stretch out, he'd have animals sprawling all over him.

"Well, you brought it on yourself," I told him one day when he begged to get into the kitchen away from his former proteges. "You can't violate the laws of nature and get away with it."

He looked so worn out and crestfallen that I couldn't help but feel sorry for him.

"Never mind," I went on, "tomorrow I'll browbeat my friends into taking the kittens off our hands and we'll per up the pigs. And the next time. . . ."

But Mr. Blue, under the kitchen table wasn't listening. "What's the use?" I asked myself. "A dog with a 'mother' complex can't be expected to learn that babies do grow up."

Feed the Birds

DURING the bitter cold days of winter, grain, bread crumbs, corn meal, etc. should be spread where birds can reach them. A large board with a molding around the edge is most satisfactory as the food will not then be scattered and lost. For chickadees, woodpeckers, nuthatches and other birds of this type, such food as suet, peanut butter mixed with cereal and sunflower seeds are acceptable items for the diet. Care should be taken about metal containers as these might be harmful in extreme temperatures.

Fascinating Animal Book

WHEN one thinks of animals, his mind immediately turns to Alan Devoe, whose whole life has been one long question mark concerning the animal world. He has studied the lives and habits of all kinds of animals and because of his intense interest he has become an author of note.

His latest book, entitled "This Fascinating Animal World" is everything the name implies. In it, the author has taken thousands of questions, frequently asked about animals, and answered them in his own interesting style.

Well worthwhile for readers of all ages, this book is published by McGraw-Hill Book Company and may be purchased from your own book store. The price is \$3.75.

Cat Club Show

THE 47th Annual Boston Cat Club Show will be held January 18 and 19, 1952, at Horticultural Hall, Boston. Mrs. John Hunter, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., will judge the solid color class, and Mrs. Henry Herms, of Tarrytown, N. Y., will judge the all-breed class. All entries must be in the hands of Miss Mildred I. Kendall, 520 Centre St., Jamaica Plain, not later than December 31.

Mrs. Carl H. Whittier, of Sharon, Mass., is Show Manager; Mrs. Vernon Kendall, of Jamaica Plain, Assistant Show Manager, and Miss Mildred I. Kendall, also of Jamaica Plain, is Show Secretary.

Our Nursery Rhymes . . .

By J. B. Sinclair

MOST of the nursery rhymes of early childhood would never have been written had it not been for the birds, insects, four-legged animals and other creatures in the animal kingdom.

There was the mouse that ran up and down the clock in "Hickory, Dickory, Dock," and the familiar roundelay of "The Three Blind Mice." Both Goldilocks and Little Red Riding Hood had their exciting if somewhat harmless adventures with bears and wolves.

Nor are you too old to remember that "This little pig went to market." Tom the piper's son made off with a pig and had nothing but trouble for his pains—and deservedly so! "Four and twenty blackbirds" and the spider that sat down

beside Miss Muffet are further contributions to the nursery rhymes.

Pussy has a well remembered place in this sort of verse. "Pussy's in the well" and "Puss in Boots" are just a couple of reminders. Little Boy Blue turned out to be a somewhat careless guardian of sheep and cows.

There was "Baa, baa, black sheep" and the athletic cow that jumped clear over the moon. There was the little lamb that dutifully followed Mary to school each day. There was the ill-fated cock robin slain by the sparrow's arrow. You could even ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross if you were so minded to visit Banbury Cross in that manner.

Shetland Pony for Adoption

THE picture below is that of "Brownie," a Shetland pony, who is at present residing at our Nevins Farm for Horses, in Methuen.

Brownie is looking for a nice family who will adopt him and give him a good home. He stands 38 inches high at the shoulders, is 15 years old and is sound and gentle.

His requirements are few, but very necessary. The family who will adopt

him must have a little boy or girl of about ten years of age; there must be plenty of room for Brownie's exercise; there must always be sufficient good food, adequate shelter and proper care.

With these things in mind, anyone wishing to give Brownie a home should write to the Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., giving the necessary information and qualifications for ownership.



Music Hath Charms

By Winifred Heath

MOST of us have heard of the Indian snake charmer who hypnotizes his reptile attendants with the weird notes of his oriental pipes. However there are many other creatures which seem to have a musical ear. I once knew a big black cat who could not bear any discordant notes. At the time, a friend of mine was learning to play the violin with a cheap instrument. I was called in to accompany her efforts and the results were rather discordant. They were too much for the ebon puss, "Nicky." No matter where he happened to be he tore into the room and dashed onto the keyboard, his tail swishing in wrath. Up and down the keys he rushed bringing the performance to a complete close.

In a recent issue of the fine English magazine, *Country Life*, a writer told of his experience with that rather blood-thirsty little member of the weasel family, the stoat. One day he and a friend driving in North Scotland stopped to take lunch in the shade of an ancient wall. Presently they turned on the radio to listen to a symphony concert. As the music continued a stoat suddenly appeared on the top of the wall.



An Australian lyrebird dancing and singing in the forest.

looking toward the car and quite evidently listening. Then it glided swiftly down and came over close to the car, so absorbed in the music it paid no heed to the two men. Next came a strange dance, a back-and-forth movement following the music. After a little while it was joined by another stoat and the performance continued with the two of them going backward and forward. Then one of the listeners moved and the stoats departed.

On another occasion the writer, while walking along a lonely road in the Highlands, came upon a tinker playing his pipes. As he dug in his pockets for a coin to pay the tinker for his piping, he was amazed to see a stoat right behind the man, listening intently. The tinker told him that often when he sat by the roadside to play his pipes and "cheer himself up" a stoat would

appear and perform the same movements as the writer had seen from his car.

That music can charm such a wild, man-hating little creature as the stoat seems strange, but no more odd than the hypnotic effect of piping upon the snake. Many creatures dance and practically every bird has its own song and dance for special occasions, such as wooing its mate or in community gatherings.

Of that wondrous fowl the Menura, or lyrebird, of Australia it is said that when he sings, all the lesser birds of the Bush cease their twittering and listen to that master Voice. The lyrebird builds himself a tall mound from which he not only sings but performs some intricate steps.

It is likely that music hath charms for many other creatures and for man it is one of his richest blessings.

Fellow Turns over a New Leaf

By Jewell Casey

FELLOW," a Fort Worth, Texas canine stands high among dogs that think for themselves. His home was enclosed by mesh wire, but this did not keep him in. He could squirm his way through the meshes. In order that he remain in with his dog companion, "Pat," his owner tied a length of cane to Fellow's collar to serve as a yoke. For a time Fellow stayed inside the enclosed

yard, but soon his owner was mystified by the dog's appearance on the outside. Finally, a member of the family decided to keep watch and find out just how Fellow was managing to escape.

The very clever dog had apparently reasoned out for himself that the cane would go through the wire endways. So when he wanted to get out he took the cane in his mouth, stuck an end through

the wire and merely followed it outside. Sometimes it would take two or three attempts, but not easily discouraged, Fellow didn't give up until he gained his liberty.

After that, Fellow's master gave up and allowed him to come and go as he pleased and, oddly enough, soon after this relaxation of control took effect, the dog ceased his roaming habits.

ANIMALS



—Photo by Grover Brinkman

"BILLY," THE BEGGAR

The squirrel in the pictures is named "Billy," and he is being fed peanuts by Gene Brinkman of Okawville, Illinois. Billy is a pretty shy little squirrel until winter cracks down; then he becomes braver daily, as he is tempted with choice bits of food. Finally, he loses all his timidity and eats nuts out of one's hand. When the photo was taken, Billy knew his friend had a handful of nuts and he lost no time digging them out of a gloved fist. Billy isn't starved, either. Notice how plump he is. He should be, for he can eat a pint of nuts daily.

"BUDDY'S" BIRTHDAY

Count the candles on the delicious-looking birthday cake. There are just seventeen of them. The whole thing is in honor of "Buddy," seventeen-year-old Persian cat, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Levant Vandervoort, of Jackson, Michigan. We doubt very much that Buddy relished the cake, but probably he had his own special food for his birthday snack while his owners ate the cake and toasted him on his anniversary.



... about Santa Claus ... left behind to ... themselves, will ... unkind and in ... different from ... punishment ... other circum ... make life ... have been called ... "According" to ... department of ... Angell Memorial ... pital, this con ... the Horses' Ch ... to an announce ... Eric H. Hansen ... with the marked ... automobiles to ... there are st ... Great ... has arranged ... have trucks, ... carrots, and ... the city Fri ... Dec. 24, wh ... horses are to ... number. Coffe



Dana Warren, 2, of Reading, Mass., feeds some of the fifty or so mallard ducks making their headquarters just below the Converse Bridge, over the Aberjona river, in Winchester.



—Boston Herald, Arthur Hansen

Teddy Peterson of Norfolk, and "Jinks" his beloved pet, skate and skid over the ice-covered street at City Point, South Boston, to help the photographer make this effective shot of ice, sun and trees. Just the same, the two pals are having a wonderful time in the crisp winter air.



"Chang-ti," a gentleman residing with the Ralph H. Tinkers of Stockbridge, Mass.

Our Kitso

FOR a long time now I have wanted to write the story of "Kitso." How Kitso came by that peculiar name is somewhat accidental. Someone began to call him that for want of something better, but it was our intention to think up a truly splendid name for him. Ten years later he is still known as Kitso.

At first glance you might wonder what we see in Kitso to induce so much affection. Very true, he claims no pedigree. His fur is medium length; the colors are brown, gray and white. Just an ordinary tom cat, you say with disdain. But wait! I'll match Kitso's personality and temperament with even the most glamorous and colorful of Hollywood stars. He is as individual as Mickey Mouse or Tarzan.

When Kitso first came to us he was very young, full of ginger, deviltry and kitten-fun. At home with us he knew no fear. When any of the three humans in his life displeased him, he was more than willing to rise up onto his strong back legs and do battle like any experienced boxer. But outdoors he ran into difficulty. He found himself to be the junior member of a senior-size catdom.

Older, wiser and stronger cats ganged up on him, causing him to tear like mad for the sanctuary of home. Partly to spare him a nibbled ear and partly to

relieve ourselves of some responsibility, we cut a small swinging door in the basement for Kitso. This he learned to use after one easy lesson from us. Many a time he has slithered through, panting and wriggling an indignant back. Although we failed to anticipate Kitso's enormous adult proportions, he still manages to squeeze through this private entrance of his without even pinching his tail.

Kitso has habits that are as firmly fixed in his furry head as are any human's habits. For example, it is our custom to have an evening snack close to the hour of ten. It matters not whether Kitso is asleep on his cushion or out prowling almost on the stroke of the clock he appears. He is Johnny-on-the-spot and eager for his half slice of bread that I always place on the tray. Were I to break bits of dry bread into his feeding dish, he would spurn them; he eats with us at snack time. Who can deny that our Kitso is a very sociable soul?

When my husband was away during the last war, Kitso missed spending only one evening at home with me. Nightly he slept on the foot of my bed (a special wartime privilege). Yet never once has he come to the bed since my husband's return.

Kitso has one trick which I am cer-

Animal Welfare Institute

THIS new organization, whose president is Mrs. Christine Stevens, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, was founded in the interest of promoting humane treatment of animals.

A booklet published by the Institute declares its purposes as follows: "While the Institute is interested in every phase of animal welfare, it will, at present, concern itself particularly with humane safeguards in the use of animals for research and medicine."

The booklet, sent out from its headquarters at 730 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y., further states: "Throughout, the Institute will strive for professional and public acceptance of the best in animal welfare, by providing a forum and clearing house for the legitimate claims of scientists and humanitarians, alike."

Mrs. Stevens, a familiar figure in Humane Society circles, is most active in her native city, where she is chairman of the shelter committee of the Humane Society of Washtenaw County.

By Helen L. Renshaw

tain he believes fools us completely. Front room furniture is taboo. Frequently when we are out for the evening, we return to find Kitso walking sleepily into the entrance hall. He appears to be coming from the study where his cushion is. Actually he has circled the entire house to meet us, instead of coming the few feet from living room to hall. We know that he has just vacated a certain brown chair because its cushion is still warm. Such nonchalance!

There are those who are convinced he is part dog because he growls when a stranger rings. His frequent uses of hissing is another peculiar characteristic. If, when I open the door for him, he discovers it is raining, he hisses his disgust. If we rumple his fur in the wrong direction or strike a sore spot, he hisses loudly. I guess it is just his way of saying "No," because he can hiss angrily at one moment and the next he may be purring lustily.

Kitso has had a tempestuous, adventuresome life. He's used up so many of his nine lives that I'm sure he lives on borrowed time. Now he is mostly content to stay at home on his cushion, but I know by the way his tail twitches and the cat-grin which curls his lips that he dreams of past adventure. Yes, indeed! Kitso is quite a character.

A Clowder or a Clodder

By Laura Alice Boyd

THE cat is often referred to as the animal which "walks alone." Not long ago the question was raised as to the proper word to use in speaking of a group of cats.

Search reveals the fact that in the 18th century a book was published in England which was called *Lore of the Chase*, and in it are contained numerous words to designate groups of birds and animals. Cats, if they ever assemble, are to be referred to as a "clowder of cats," or a "kindle of kittens." The word "clowder" is said to be an obsolete form of "clodder" or "clutter."

Other interesting terms found in this same book are "a cowardice of curs," "a pride of lions," "a skulk of foxes," "an exultation of larks," and a "murmuration of starlings."

Many of the terms vary according to whether the group of birds or animals is in motion or at rest. For instance, "a gaggle of geese" is the term to be used except when the birds are in flight; then they are referred to as a "skein." In modern usage the word "flock" is used for geese whether at rest or not.

A few old-fashioned terms are still in more or less common use, such as "bevy of quail," "nide of pheasants," "wisp of snipe," "stand of plover," "flight of doves," "brood of grouse," and a "covey of partridge."

Some of these terms are so apt in description or imitation it seems unfortunate that they have been generally dropped from everyday speech.

Dog Bar

By Hazel E. Howard

A drinking fountain for dogs is featured in Redlands, California, by a men's furnishing store. Installed in an outside corner of the building, just off the side-walk is an attractive tile-bordered basin, recessed in the wall. It stands about twelve inches from the ground, so even small pets may lap its cool, fresh water. On either side is a tile plaque bearing pictures; one of a Scottie, the other, a cocky terrier. A faucet is inside so it can be quickly filled. Beside it on the foundation wall of the store is a neatly-printed sign, reading, "Gair's Dog Bar. Woof-Woof-Woof. Paws and Refresh Yourself." Pointing to this is an arrow bearing the inscription: "Where the Smartest Dogs in Town Drink."

Animal Work Abroad

By Mildred F. Donnelly

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the next three issues we plan to run short articles written by Miss Donnelly, member of the educational staff of our American Humane Education Society. While in Europe Miss Donnelly visited a number of animal protective societies and her observations will be of interest to all our readers.

DURING last summer, it was my good fortune to travel in four countries of Europe: Italy, France, England, and Ireland. While the trip was purely for pleasure, it is always hard to divorce one's self completely from professional interests, so I took advantage of this opportunity to visit a few of the animal welfare organizations in foreign lands.

In Naples, Dr. Luigi La Polla, Professor of Veterinary Medicine at the University of Naples, former director of the Ente Nazionale Protezione Animali there, gave most generously of his time to tell me the story of animal protection work in Italy.

While the Fascist regime was in power, many animal protection societies were in operation, under government sponsorship, throughout the country. However, when the Fascists lost control, the societies became inactive, since they were all government-controlled projects. Consequently, the administration of any protection to animals has been chaotic for several years. Today conditions are slowly improving.

Since the horse is still a major vehicle of transportation in Italy, he presents the biggest problem to the humane of-

ficer. Overloading, unnecessary whipping, poorly fitted harnesses with consequent sores and irritation, and insufficient feeding and watering are paramount among the conditions which need improvement. In an attempt to remedy these conditions Dr. La Polla has written a series of articles in the local newspapers stressing the need for proper care of these animals on which so many of the population depend.

In Florence, Count Niccolo Guidicini visits the schools presenting talks to youngsters on the care of their animals. He brings an animal into the classroom in order to make the lesson and demonstration more vivid. a technique reminiscent of our own method here at the American Humane Education Society.

Both of these societies have bicycle and automobile ambulances which give first aid to animals at the scene of an accident, or care for sick animals in the streets. The Florence Society maintains a clinic, but has no hospital facilities for keeping the patients for any period of time.

The most striking impression which I gained from visiting these societies is that they are struggling against terrific odds. With only meager funds available for the work, it is difficult to employ competent inspectors. Many of the workers are, therefore, volunteers, and the societies can't demand the same type of service as from paid workers. However those few workers who are interested in the work deserve our utmost respect and admiration.



Society and

Rendering Plant

ONE of our agents on visiting a rendering company plant found the holding pens to be in a dirty and slippery condition. There were 31 cattle on hand. The Agent contacted the President of the plant and advised him of the way the pens had been neglected, and of the danger that the animals would injure themselves by slipping. The President was warned that conditions must be improved in the future, and that if we found them so bad again action would be taken.

Cows Not Sheltered

A MAN was brought into court by our officers for having six cows out in a pasture with no shelter in cold rain and sleet, temperature 30 degrees at 10 p. m. He brought in six farmers who told about cows out and stated that trees were shelter enough, but on cross examination all said they had no cattle out, due to the weather.

The judge commended the officers, but said he would give the defendant the benefit of the doubt. The defendant is known to our officers and he has been in court before, so he will be watched and brought in again if necessary.



Seven Bermuda students who won honors in our Poster Contest. (Standing, left to right) David Barnes, John Leseur, Donald Davies, Peter Moss and Joan Aspinall. (Seated, left to right) Barbara Cooper and Annette Bierman.



New dust-proof operating room of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, which handles an average of thirty cases daily, and is so-equipped as to enable Hospital surgeons to operate with the least possible risk to animal patients. It has non-glare surgical lamps, air-conditioning, and the finest instruments.

Contest Extends Boundaries

THE beautiful island of Bermuda in late years has become more than a lovely place which vacationists visit to enjoy and to relax. Now it is a strategic place in our national defense. The United States has a Naval Base at Kindly Field, and families from all over the United States are stationed in Bermuda.

The largest white school on the island is the Mt. St. Agnes Academy at Hamilton, Bermuda, where many children of the families whose fathers are in the Navy are now attending school. Sister Jean de Chantal is a teacher of the seventh and eighth grades in this school, who still considers herself a Bostonian, because of her associations and teaching experience here for several years.

Like all good teachers Sister Jean de Chantal knows it is part of the natural curiosity of children to be interested in nature and animals. Instead of just learning geography as something that tells us about land and sea, one will also study animals and plants and will learn to love the beauties and to revere the mysteries and wonders of nature. Thus, the child will gradually see the relationships of these animals with

people and will begin to realize he is but one part of that which we call "life."

So it was that Sister Jean de Chantal, remembering our Animal Poster Contest, wrote to us and asked if her pupils might participate. As she said, besides giving her children a happy and wholesome experience, expressing humane ideas and ideals, it would also help to form a link with the homeland of these children. We were glad to extend the boundaries of our contest, and so in due time fourteen excellent posters were received from Bermuda. Our judges were delighted with the originality and composition of the posters and made an award of three first prizes, two second prizes, and two honorable mentions.

When news of the awarding of the prizes reached the office of the newspaper, the *Mid-Ocean News*, a reporter was sent over to the school to take pictures and to report the ceremonies in connection with the awards of the silver and bronze pins and subscriptions to OUR DUMB ANIMALS. It was a gala occasion as the contestants smiled and told about the formation of a Junior Humane Society at Mt. St. Agnes.

Service News

Cats Abused

OUR Society received word that a kitten was thrown from a 2nd-floor piazza and later thrown in the sewer. One of our agents interviewed a ten-year-old boy and his mother. Both claimed that the kitten fell to the ground, striking a large rock, causing its death. The dead animal was then placed in the street sewer. Another kitten owned by this family had disappeared the day before and failed to return. The woman and boy were warned that they would be prosecuted if any further reports were received against them for cruelty to animals.

Two small boys were seen to pick up a cat and run down the street with it. Later the owner of the cat found it lying in a paralyzed condition and took it to our Hospital, where it was found to have a back injury.

On being interviewed the boys finally admitted throwing stones at the cat and hitting it. Our agent talked with the parents and advised them that if the boys committed any such acts of cruelty in the future they would be brought into juvenile court. They were advised to pay the Hospital charges for treating the cat.



Dr. Jean Holzworth of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital shows "Tippy" the needle and thread which she removed from his throat, where it had become lodged, while he looks in amazement.



Leona Hulse brought her dog, "Prince," to our clinic at the Boston Work Horse Relief Association, 109 Northampton Street, Boston, where it was examined by Dr. Clifford. The doctor carefully bandaged Prince's paw, and sent him and his mistress home feeling much happier. They both seem to be saying "Thank you!"

Improper Shelter

DURING a recent cold spell, with snow, stock was found in the pastures with no shelter. Our agent had the cattle removed and placed in barns. In one instance a man had moved away and left two goats behind, with only an open shed for shelter. The State Police Officer and our agent went to the owner's new address and told him to get the goats under cover. He claimed that he planned to sell them, but would put them in the barn at once. A horse was found in another pasture, and the owner was advised to provide shelter right away. Three horses showing the results of hard work were found in another pasture. A shelter was found under construction in an old cellar hole, which will probably be adequate when completed. A small amount of grain, but no hay was found in the shelter. The owner was advised to make provision for the animals at once.

Horse Laid Up

AN owner was warned against abuse of his horse, and the horse was laid up until several small skin chafes on the animal were healed. He was told not to use the horse until it was well.

Neglected Dogs

ON investigating a complaint in regard to a sick, neglected dog, with no shelter, a six-year-old dog was found in very poor condition. The owner agreed to allow the agent to remove the dog and put it to sleep.

The Chief of Police called our Society in regard to a dog left in a camp. One of our officers, with the police, located the owner and brought him to remove the dog. He was warned that he would be brought into court if he abandoned the animal again.

B.B. Guns

A woman complained that she found two dead pigeons in her yard and saw boys going to school with B. B. guns. One of our agents called the Chief of Police, who said that the Superintendent of schools would see to it that any boys with B. B. guns, or any other kind of gun, were reported to the Chief and he will check to see if any of them are shooting pigeons. The agent will also be on the alert for signs of boys with guns.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



—Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

How can Betty choose which of these adorable puppies is the cutest?

"Tarzan"

By Tony Stepanek (Age 12)

TARZAN" is a lovable, bay and white Indian Pony, with round, blue eyes, that I got when I was sick. He is a wonderfully willing and obedient saddle horse, and he possesses a remarkable intelligence. When I got him, he had been taught only to walk, trot, and canter, besides direct-reining. In three weeks I taught my beloved pony to jump, neckrein, shake hands, break into a gallop from a walk, and ground tie. Tarzan can also pull a cart, and, believe it or not, drink from a drinking fountain. He is also very gentle as a children's pony should be, and he will let us do anything to him without a fuss.

Often, I give the very small neighborhood children rides on him. Tarzan seems to know that he carries a very delicate burden on his capable back, and he steps very slowly and carefully so that he won't jar his small riders.

Everyone who sees and rides Tarzan loves him at once. For who could resist this charming pinto pony when he cocks his head on one side and innocently regards you with all the honesty and courage a horse could have shining in his beautiful blue eyes.

"Fudgy"

By Brenda Epstein (Grade 6)

FUDGY" is my black cocker spaniel. Perhaps you think this is an odd name for a dog, but this is the way we acquired it. My father had just bought us a dog. We did not know what to call him. Everyone was playing with him when, all of a sudden, he jumped up and ran to the kitchen. Then we heard a clatter. We all ran into the kitchen to see what the trouble was. There was our dog covered from head to foot with fudge. My mother was standing over him scolding. That is how he got his name.

Once he brought nearly every dog in the neighborhood into our living room. Another time he planted a bone in a neighbor's garden.

Although he has many friends, he has one special friend.

He is a small, cute cocker spaniel. In the summer he loves to lie in the sun. In spite of his mischief, we all love him very much.

"Big Brother Christopher"

By Elba Riffe Vernon

Big brother "Christopher"

Looks after little "Copy-Cat";

Sees he gets his dinner first,

To "Stripes" and "Freckles," Chris says "Scat."

Chris takes Copy to hunt a mouse;

Stripes and Freckles almost cry—

They want to learn to catch mice, too—

And Chris will show them, by-and-by.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Stumbletoes"

Diary

By Estelle Delano Clifton

OH HUM! This is such a strange world. Ever since that funny bundle they call "Michael" came into the house, things seem different. "Scuddlums" and I talked it all over, and decided we'd go about our business just as usual.

But there are some things I just don't like. My master pays too much attention to Michael. I'm afraid he likes him better than he does me.

Last night I crawled under the table and pretended to be asleep. My paws were stuck way out, but I only had one eye shut. My master walked by and almost stumbled over my paws.

When he saw how sad I looked, he called me to him and took me up in his lap. At first he looked very solemn; then he laughed and said: "Stumbletoes, you have a little brother now, and I'm depending upon you to help take care of him. Some day you'll be good pals." I don't know exactly what he mean't, but anyway it made me feel good.

Today I walked up close to Michael and looked him all over. He doesn't seem to know much of anything, and he certainly is funny looking.

It's so hot, guess I'll go outside and try to find a cool spot. Maybe if my master isn't looking, I can dig a hole in the garden where the shady spot is. He scolded me the other day for it, but I don't see any harm in it.

What a terrible noise! And it's so dark! I must have fallen asleep. It's starting to rain, too. Oh, there's my master's whistle; I'll run for the house fast.

My, but I'm shaky. My master doesn't act scared at all, so I guess there's nothing to be afraid of. I'm soaking wet, but my master will take care of that. My mistress doesn't like it, but I always shake myself good when I'm wet. The water goes all over the floor. Then my master rubs me down hard.

I wonder where Scuddlums is. She's probably all wet too. Oh, here she comes, and she isn't wet at all. Now, how did she keep so dry? I don't understand her at all, but I like her better than Michael—right now anyway.

Answer to Christmas Puzzle: ACROSS—2. Merry, 6. Tart, 8. Limp, 11. Toy, 12. Tie, 15. R. R., 16. Canes. DOWN—1. Art, 3. Radio, 4. Yr., 5. Red, 7. Top, 8. Lt., 9. My, 10. Fir, 13. Era, 14. Ye.

"Boots"

By Barbara Chalmers (Grade 6)

I HAVE a very fluffy grey tiger kitten about six months old. I was going to name her "Rascal's," but I don't think that was very cute, so I named her "Boots," although the name Rascal's would fit her better. When we had our Christmas tree, she batted the ornaments around with her paw. I had to get her a plastic toy to play with in case she decided she wanted to get into mischief. The other morning I went into the living-room and she had destroyed the plastic toy with her teeth, as she carries it in her mouth. My mother gave up. The first week after I received the kitten she would sleep all day and then she would play when we wanted to go to bed. We all love her though, and always will.

ACROSS	DOWN
1. HOUR - ABBV.	1.
3.	2. FISH EGGS.
4. RAILWAY - ABBV.	3.
6. BEFORE.	4. TO SHOUT.
7.	5. YELLOW PART OF AN EGG.
8. FORM OF THE WORD "A".	7. MALE PIG.
9. FUEL.	10. CLIMBING PLANT.
11. BOAT NOAH BUILT.	
12. DOCTOR - ABBV.	

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month



The patient oxen draw the sugar cane to the mill in a picturesque setting.

Work-Horse of the Barbados

By Ben Berkey

SUGAR is the principal product of the little island of Barbados, and to grind it, the people have built many big windmills, closely resembling those used in Holland. The faithful oxen, who bring the great loads of sugarcane to the mill may not know it, but theirs is the sweetest job in the world!

The mill shown in the drawing turns slowly day after day, grinding the sap from the cane that comes in from the fields. The cultivation of sugarcane was introduced on the Island of Barbados about the middle of the 17th century and, owing to the economy of labor and the fertility of the soil, proved highly profitable from the beginning.

The ox is the work-horse of the Barbados. He asks nothing else as reward for his labor than a handful of oats or dried grass, and a kind word from his master. Barbados has an area of some 166 square miles, and is considered to possess one of the most densely populated countries of the world.

The tropical breezes that sweep across the smooth surface of Barbados are re-

sponsible for the safe and sure guidance of Christopher Columbus's ships across the Atlantic. These trade winds caused him to land on a little island in the West Indies, and so he discovered the new world. Barbados is near the north coast of South America, and far to the east of all the other islands of the West Indies, where the strong trade-winds sweep in from the Atlantic Ocean, and for many months blow constantly in one direction.

The date of the discovery of Barbados is not definitely known, but it is first mentioned in the year 1518, and was occupied by the British in 1625. It is rumored that the only foreign journey ever made by George Washington was to Barbados, which he visited during the winter of 1751-1752.

When he left the little island, he had written these words in his diary:

"It is a delight to watch the oxen carrying their loads of sugarcane to the mills. The monotony of their work seems not to bother them. They seem to enjoy it."

Flamingoes

By Doris I. Bateman

The waters of the Blue Lagoon are still,
Lace-edged with slender grasses;
I can hear
The far-off, whispering surf above
the shrill
High notes of circling gulls that
know no fear.

But in my heart I hold another song—
A keening glimpse of color-symphony,
Flamingoes, resting while the noon
is long—
Grace-notes, rose-red against an
azure sea.

Breakfast Club

By Daniel F. Shea

A WEST Hartford, Connecticut man not only gets up with the birds—he eats breakfast with them! For the past three years, several catbirds and song sparrows have visited the home of Walter E. Barnard, of 194 Four Mile Road, West Hartford, daily.

Mr. Barnard says his feathered friends arrive without fail every morning at 6:45 for breakfast in the Barnard kitchen, and return at short intervals throughout the day. After Mr. Barnard opens the kitchen window, the birds fly or stroll into the kitchen where their own special little breakfast table is set up. Their favorite diet, he says, consists of raisins, doughnuts, and peanut butter.

The birds come around at the first sign of spring, Mr. Barnard says, and remain until fall. He adds that they are not at all timid, often eating out of his hand.

Kind-Hearted Trainmen

THE train was proceeding along a lonely stretch of road near Bakersfield, California, when one of the crew saw a dog trapped in a wire fence. Being fond of dogs, one of the crewmen became concerned and dashed off a note which he tossed to the first person he saw. However, on their return run they found the dog was still ensnared. Now they were really worried, so on the next run of the Illinois Central Railway local they stopped the train and released the dog, which was nearly exhausted, wet and hungry, but it was not too far gone to thank the men with a grateful wag of its tail.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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**WIRTHMORE FEED CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO
FOR POINTS WEST OF NEW ENGLAND**

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In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

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Starting Right!

YES, let's make a resolution right now to start the New Year right. After all what would the New Year be without a resolution? And we offer this one as something that can be carried out without a lot of personal sacrifice.

Here is your resolution:

RESOLVED: That in this year of 1952, I will send subscriptions to five more libraries, schools or families than I did last year.

See how easy it is, and yet, you will be giving entertainment and sound education to many, many people. You will be one with us in endeavoring to build character and increase kindness to animals.

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